LETTERS

IN

PROSE *and* VERSE,

To the Celebrated

POLLY PEACHUM: X

FROM

The most Eminent of her ADMIRERS and RIVALS.

Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid,
Some banish'd Lover, or some captive Maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what Love inspires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires.

Pope's Eloisa *to* Abelard.

LONDON:

Printed for *A. Millar* at *Buchanan*'s Head over-against St. *Clement*'s Church without *Temple-Bar.* MDCCXXVIII.

[Price Six Pence.]

X Miss Fenton afterwd Dutchess of Bolton. See plate of Hogarth in the Encyclopedia Britannica

#65-763

Advertiſement.

THere are two Things which ſeldom fail to come to Light, Murder *and* Verſes. *Theſe Letters were dropt as the famous* POLLY PEACHUM *took Coach to meet His*——

I give them to divert. If they ſucceed, I am pleaſed: if they don't,—— *I care not one Farthing.*

Advertisement.

THere are true Things which Pedons fail to come to Light, Murder and Vertes. Thefe Letters were drop'd as the famous P O L L Y P E A C H U M took Coach, to meet His ——

I give them to divert. If they fucceed, I am pleafed: if they don't, I care not one Farthing.

From the Seven Stars *******, Ludgate-Hill. —— *Oh may all the reſt prove kind!*

Moſt Adorable Lady,

I AM this Moment returned from the Theatre, all entranced with your moſt muſical Harmony. Oh ſweet-ſinging *Siren*, I ſacrifice my Heart at the Altar of your Beauty, which is charmingly divine. In fine, I am quite broke for my Trade; if the Ladies ſay, *Mr. Fluſh-Cheek, what is the Price of this Silk?* I anſwer —— Polly. —— *How?* —— Peachum.

To the Tune of *Sally, &c.*

I.

Oh that I were ſome mighty Prince,
Or country Squire ſo jolly,
Or Lord, or Duke, or garter'd Peer,
For my beloved Polly.

II. *Or*

II.

Or that I was this happy Silk,
(But wiſhing is a Folly)
To kiſs thy Breaſt as white as Milk,
Oh my enchanting Polly.

III.

Or that I was thy yielding Glove,
To preſs thy Hand —— Ah ſhall I!
Or rather was thy deareſt Love,
Oh my engaging Polly.

IV.

No longer now I dreſs my Hair,
For I am melancholy;
And for my ſelf I little care,
I care ſo much for Polly.

Philander Flush-Cheek.

P. S. I ſend a Piece
of the neweſt Silk.

Moſt

Moſt Unaccountable Charmer.

I Curſt the Hour of Six, which tore you from my Arms, and all Buſineſs. I almoſt reſolved to Sacrifice *Cook upon Littleton.*

I committed a Thouſand tender Extravagances, kiſſed the Chair on which you ſat, inſenſibly blew out my Fire, and mourned in Darkneſs over my Greencloth; where I drank the Coffee left in your Diſh. Methought I heard the Tap of a Fan at my Door, which I had folded againſt Gold it ſelf. I flew to open it—— but oh Death to Love! how I was ſurprized, inſtead of my adorable Charmer, to find *Doctor Drum-Ear* in my Arms, who roared out. I called the Watch for Light, who ſtared immoderately at us both, as we did at one another. They run down Stairs, and cried out the Devil, the Devil. The Doctor's Face was as black as his Gown. In fine I diſcovered that, inſtead of Coffee, I had drunk all my Ink.

Never was there ſuch an unfortunate Lover. I ſent for an Apothecary, took a Vomit, waſhed my Face, and went to Bed,

where

where I attend your dear Commands. Oh come and attone for these Disasters.

N° 10. *Temple.*

P. S. *I send you the Key of my Chambers. Would it were a Golden one for your sake.*

Sulivan Slaver,

Bencher.

To the Fair Polly.

JEalous I heard the Public praise thy Name,
And trembled for my Voice, and sinking Fame.
Enrag'd I did my Theatre resign,
And left my Crowd, to make a Fool at thine;
Where neither Wit, nor Harmony I found,
But Farce and Discord with Applauses crown'd.
Ah Polly, *soon thy Slaves will scorn thy Song;*
Such Reigns as ours can ne'er continue long.
Let us our Forces then together join;
The gayer Fools be yours, the graver mine.

From my Slaughter-House, in the middle of *Newport Market*, *June* the Third, 1728.

H——y.

From

From a Squinting Lawyer.

Desirable Lady.

THO' my Eyes look ten thousand Ways at once, they never saw any thing so lovely as your fair self. All their various Beams are attracted by your Beauty; and they multiply every Charm. Imagine then the Height of my Passion, how much greater than any other Lover's can be. Let this, which the Vulgar dully call *Squinting*, turn to the Advantage of my Love. But while I look so much on you, I am blind to Interest, which was your Predecessor in my Soul.

If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

If Polly *is generous she'll pity my Flame;*
And if she but loves me, I am not to blame.
I suffer with Pleasure, if she crown my Desire;
If not, I will set the whole Commons *on Fire.*
Oh come to my Bosom, my Chambers are free,
The World now forsakes me, but I'll find it in thee.
My Papers I'll scatter to every Wind,
And the Green Bag shall perish, if Polly *be kind.*

Argus Vellum.

From the Four Kings, Rag-Fair.

Madam,

I Have heard of the great Sway you bear in Town, to my Surprize; for I have lived in *Rag-Fair* theſe Forty Years, and without much Succeſs, tho' I ſing to a Miracle, can roar with any Lyon in the *Tower*, and my Voice is as loud as *H—ly*'s. I repeat Verſes like an Angel, and can make them too. *Pope*, *Swift*, and *Gay* are nothing to me; yet am I forced to blow my own Blaſt. I have been at the Charge of framing all my Works; and it has coſt me Fifty Pounds in Leaf-Gold, to no purpoſe. The Town is fond, and mad after you; but I'll ſet it right, or I'll know why. I went into the Army to ſhow my Perfections, am a Captain in the Train'd Bands, and diſcipline my Men in Verſe. If you'll come and ſee us exerciſe, you may, and we'll have our Plumes new-cleaned. 'Tis better than any Review. My Height, my Mien, my Manner are ſurprizing. If you'll be kind to me, I'll tranſmit you to Fame, in one of the beſt gilt Frames.

Women

Women are Fools, or they would ever chuſe
A Lover with a Fame-beſtowing Muſe;
Who can to future Ages make them ſhine.
They all ſhall hear you ſing, if you'll be mine.

Your Valorous Servant,

Shacklet——n.

An Old Woman cloath'd in Rags.

I.

I Hopp'd to thy Play t'other Day,
And there what ſtrange Wonders I ſaw!
Gown-Men all Frolick and Gay,
Ah what will become of the Law!

II.

Old Age and Wrinkles grown mad,
Appearing to fright one another:
I ne'er was ſo frighted egad,
For there I eſpy'd my own Mother.

III.

Yet think not thy Favours I ſlight,
So far I'll agree with the Town,
If thou wilt give me a Night,
Oh then I will give thee a Crown.

IV.

I've a Silvery Watch of my Sire's,
That hangs in a Leath'ry String.
And if thou wilt crown my Deſires,
Thou ſhalt have that pretty old Thing.

Pendrill Peering.

From my little Rum *in* Pel-Mel ----
'Tis common to ſay the Howr.

Charming Meam,

INO knot iff I heve Reſon tu acquſe, or blis mi Stairs. I am entolerabel in Loaf, and reduſt to a mere ſhado. Fram beeing halff a Yard en the Waſte, I ame bot a kuarter, and halples as ane Enfante. Mi Peeple dres mee as thay wil, that i ame a mere Friwght. I ame lacet tu the Woarld, and what is moar woarſer tu mi deer ſelff.

I mett *Ladi Weſle-Faſe* in the Bax t'ather Nite, whu ſterted to cee me luke ſo pail.— Lard! ſaſe ſhe, *ſur Friwghtfooll, is itt yu, or yur Goſt that hoavers neer* Pally?— I maid a lo Bough, and a Bluwſh —— *Gad, Gad, yu ar rewind!* —— Huever i have ſatt far mi Pictor to *Zincks* att Legnth, far yure

yure Lediſhip's Wach: till than ackſept itt in blawk and whight.

I ame fare en mi Faſe to a Wunder —— mi Eiſe lawnguiſhen, and ſwete; *Mon Toup a Marveil bien pouderé*, but i am al yur's. — My Leggs ar ſmal; mi Hands whight; mi Tith ivery; my Maner *tout Charmant*. — Bot whither doſe my Buty lede me? —— I'll bee revenjed, and knot luke at Miſelff this Howre. —— Mi Talor tears Mee fram yu with a nu Sute of Clowths — But I'll apere an the Stage too Nite.

SVR FRIWGHTFOOL FRIZZLE.

A Challenge from C---oni *and* F---na, *to* Polly Peachum.

WE Rival Queens in Intereſt now combine;
Unite our flying Troops to ruin thine.
Think not to ſcream Us from this happy Iſle,
Tho' Ladies, Peers, and Cobblers on you ſmile.
We have our Heroes, who have liſten'd long
With well-affected Raptures to our Song.
And Challenge *Thee to bring thy foppiſh Train —*
Be Hounſlow, *fam'd for Camps, the notic'd Plain.*
But Pity pleads —— Let not our Female Rage
Theſe noble Lives in ſuch a Cauſe engage.

Bring

Bring Thou a Second equal to the Cauſe;
Apoint the Song; and fir'd by fair Applauſe,
Before our Troops we will the Combat try:
If thou'rt Victorious, we will yield and dye.

From our Thrones, in
the *Hay-Market.*

Stupendous Madam.

MY Head has been of late ſo crowded with the Affairs of *Europe*, and the many Exigences which concern the Safety and Honour of this Iſle, that I come late with my Myrrhe and Frankincenſe to you. O Goddeſs of the Gay, and Pride of the bright World! Yet, Madam, the Town is fickle. It once admir'd me: my Problems and Politicks were its Delight and Imitation. But now I run unregarded in the *Mall*; and have vowed perpetual Silence, that my Thoughts may be wholly employed in Scheming for the Good of my Country.

If I was not preparing with great Haſte for *Soiſſon*, where my Advice and Aſſiſtance is waited for by all the Plenipotentiaries, I I ſhould not ſo ſoon ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your Friend and Servant,

J. P——ne.

Ah

Ah tremble at the Changes of my Fate,
And dread the tranſient Joy of being great.
Neglected Beauty is a wretched Thing,
Worſe than a Courtier fallen, or ruin'd King.
Oh while thy dying Charms retain a Spark yet,
Collect thy Wits, and make a happy Market.
When thy Price falls, to Germany *I'll ſend*
Thy ruin'd Charms, the Emperor's my Friend.
Or elſe to frozen Ruſſia *thou ſhalt go,*
Where furry Love lies warm, tho' clad in Snow.
Or you ſhall ſhine in Gallia's *warmer Coaſt,*
Where at Threeſcore you may be ſtill a Toaſt;
Where Paint and Lace the gawdy Charmer forms,
And Arts, inſtead of Darts, are Cupid's *Arms.*

J. Payne.

****

From an old affected Phyſician *and* Antiquary.

Madam,

SOME of my Patients the other Night drew me to your *Opera*, where I received a moſt violent Rheum by leaving off one of my Night-Caps, in order to hear better. But now I may ſafely make one of your Crowd, for I cannot hear at all. I

put

put on a new Pair of Stays to defend my Breaſt from the Darts of Love, but have wounded my Sides much more, which prevents my waiting at your *Levée* among my Fellow-Creatures.

Inſtead of my Picture, I incloſe a Medal of *Alexander*'s, who was as great a Conqueror as your Ladyſhip. 'Tis worth the World, tho' only in Braſs. Pray do not ruin it by cleaning, but let it adorn your lovely Neck when you ſing next. I ſend with it a Doze of Rhubarb, excellent for the Texture of the Skin. If you are not engaged next *Sunday*, do me the Honour to eat a boiled Chick with me. We may vomit in Concert; it will help the Voice and Complexion. The Dutcheſs of **** takes one every Night. I keep my great Chair, but will ſend my other for you, which is the moſt gentle in the World, commodious to a Degree. I am,

Fair Creature

Your Slave.

To the most Unharmonious Polly.

LET whining Slaves thy Tinsel Charms pursue,
With Snuff-Box, Watch, and Rings, and Billet-doux,
Thy tuneless Voice, and Champions I despise,
The Man who vindicates thy Folly dies.
Give me Miss Warren *with obliging Eyes.*
Duller than Puppets in a Common Show,
Thou Bane to Love, and Musick's mortal Foe,
When next you stream your unharmonious Song,
Tho' guarded by your Fools, ten thousand strong,
I'll Hiss, I'll Sing myself, nay I will Fight,
And if these will not do, I'll even write.

P——r.

Moor-Fields:
My Apartment.

From an honest *Half-Pay Officer.*

Dear Cousin,

I Appear ungrateful to my self, 'till I have given you my Thanks, and the Society's I have the Honour to belong to, for your admirable Performance, in setting us in a proper Light.

I do not fear but in a little Time to ſee all the Fops in Town converted to our Troop, which is indeed far nobler than the Lives they lead. Our Buſineſs would inſpire their Bloods, if they have any, and give Life to their Complexions.

Alexander and *Cæſar* were of our Sett, and all the great Men of every Age. Miniſters of State too adorn our Profeſſion; and we have even the Glory of having the Ladies among us. Beauty itſelf is a Thief, and Wit too. I think the *Poet* and Mr. *Rich* are excellent in our Art, for they have robbed the whole Town before us, and left us very little to do. Yet with your Aſſiſtance we might *receive* the Reſt, and rob all the polite World in one Night. From the Fops we could find no Reſiſtance; they neither can, nor dare draw their Swords; we fear not their whole little Body. Pleaſe to engage Brother *Rich*, and your *Hero*; they ſhall ſhare the Booty of this grand Benefit Night. Direct a Line to the *Dragon* in *Smithfield*, where we Toaſt you every Night. I am,

Your moſt affectionate Kinſman

Macquoir.

P. S. Will Surtout *is yours* ——
I ſend a Token for the Captain.
- - -- Half-Pay falls ſhort.

The

THE Noble Rope in Anger I decline,
And wiſh it round that Siren Neck of thine.
I drop the Pole from my diſdaining Hand;
No more I'll dance to this ill-judging Land:
No more I'll thump the Rope with dreadful Grace,
'Till the pale Beaux ſtart, frighted, from their Place,
And deprecate the Cruſh of my Embrace.
Were theſe bold Limbs ſo oft expos'd in vain?
I'll ſhade them, never to be ſeen again.
I'll take the Petticoat, and leave a Coaſt
Where Art is ſcorn'd, and Excellence is loſt.
Are theſe the Vows the faithleſs Publick made?
And is it thus my Dangers are repaid?
Frequent the Crowd has trembled for my ſake,
Their ardent Praiſes made the Cordage ſhake;
But ſtill I ventur'd, by Applauſes fir'd,
All heedleſs of the Legs ſo much admir'd.
May Cramps and Palſy ſeize the changing Town!
That thus a lifeleſs Lump *ſhould pull me down.*
I'll, vengeful, to your Theatre repair,
Where ſwarm gay Spectres of embodied Air;
Give one loud Stamp, more tuneful than your Song,
And diſſipate at once the viſionary Throng.

V——ante.

A Challenge from the Valiant and Renowned Mr. F——g.

Britons, Strike home, *&c.*

OH Polly, *to my Arms reſi—gn, reſi— gn thy Charms;*
Nor hope thou ſhalt defend thy Beauties long;
For I have every Art, that can ſubdue the Heart,
See my Valour, ſee my Valour, hear my Song.
Then yield apace to my Embrace, let me take place,
Of all the ſhining, ſighing Throng.

Heroes approach, approach, approach, all you that dare,
Ah ah—— Home to your Heart,
Guard, guard no other Part,
Your Heads are not worth my Care,
For I ſhould find only Powder there.

F——g.

The

The Lafs of *Peatie's Mill.*

I.

O *H* Polly ! *lovely Lafs,*
Whofe Voice fo rude, and fhrill,
Would break a Venice *Glafs,*
And, potent, turn a Mill.

II.

Undaunted is thy Mien,
As any Son of Arms ;
Oh that I ne'er had feen
Thy Spirit-quenching *Charms !*

III.

Oh thou haft fpoilt my Thought,
And Canting *all perplext ;*
To fuch a Pafs I'm brought,
I name thee for my Text.

IV.

The Holy Sifters *groan,*
To fee me gone aftray,
And leave me oft alone ;
I fee them drop away.

V.

Oh come, fweet-fmiling Sin,
And for my Lofs attone ;
If I could tempt Thee in,
I'd with Thee be alone.

By

VI.

By Love himſelf I ſwear,
Tho' I am very loth,
Thou art ſurprizing fair.
Forgive, good Heav'n, my Oath!

VII.

A Suit of harmleſs Dove,
A Pinner *neat, and plain,*
Shall dreſs my deareſt Love
Nor dreſs her Charms in vain.

VIII.

Love does not take Delight
In an embroider'd Jupe,
In Gold, or Diamonds bright,
Nor tumbles thro' a Hoop.

IX.

The ſweet inviting Eye,
And arching Brow ſo dark,
Thence the keen Arrows fly
Of this deſigning Spark.

X.

Let not the vain *Toupee*
Prophane *my* Polly's *Door;*
I cannot bear to ſee
The Babylonian Whore.

Dear

Dear Mary,

IF Thou inclineſt to have Regard to this Friendly Invitation, the Profits of my Tribe, and the choice of my Shop ſhall be at thy Command. I would ſeriouſly adviſe Thee to beware of the Numbers that are daily fluttering about Thee; for they are of the wanton ſort, and unprofitable; they will bring Thee into a State of Sorrow and Woe. My Loving-kindneſs towards Thee is pure, internal, and truly unfeigned; and therefore I ſhall remain to Thee moſt faithfully. The other Chaps will be frail; for their Delight is in Wickedneſs, and in leading aſide ſilly Women. —— Yet I deſire to be ſecret in my Concerns with Thee, and reſt in all Righteouſneſs, and Zeal, thy

Loving Friend

Elijah G——ſon.

From Grace-Church-Street, *in the City of* London, *the* 11*th Day of the* 6*th Month*, 1728.

Pretty

Pretty Parrot ſay, &c.

I.

Pretty Polly, *when*
Theſe dull Scenes are o'er,
And we are our ſelves again,
Meet me at the Door.
Arm in Arm, gay in warm, we will charm,
All the Night in Laughing,
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! &c.
O'er Wine ſo gayly Quaffing.

II.

See this crowded Stage,
To admire our Song.
'Tis a pretty poliſh'd Age:
Nonſenſe bleſs it long!
Whilſt we ſhine with Wit and Wine, oh
And we'll together fix [be mine!
And laugh and l—oll, and laugh and l—oll
In a Co——ach and Six.

Mackheath.

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Nec Studio nec odio.

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Hail, *Sacred Art!* deſcended from above,
To crown our Mortal Joys: Of Thee we learn
How happy Souls communicate their Raptures,
For thou'rt the Language of the Bleſt in Heaven.
——— *Hominum Divumque Voluptas.*

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Qui ante Nos iſta moverunt, non Domini Noſtri, ſed Duces ſunt. Patet omnibus Veritas; nondum eſt occupata: Multum ex illis futuris relictum eſt. *Senec.*

Corrigenda ſi qua ſanè viſa vobis hinc erunt,
Non ero Stultè repugnans, aut amans pravè mea
Quin Statim culpam delens, præpeam rectis locum. *Ter. Maurus.*

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of

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By Death tranſported to th' Eternal Shore,
Souls ſo remov'd, reviſit us no more:
Engroſs'd with Joys of a Superior Kind,
They leave the trifling Thoughts of Life behind.

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Our Magick, Now, commands the Troops of Hell,
The Devil himſelf ſubmits to Charm and Spell.
The Conj'rer in his Circles and his Rounds
Juſt whiſtles up his Spirits, as Men do Hounds.
The obſequious Devil obeys the Sorcerer's Skill,
The Mill turns round the Horſe, that firſt turns round the Mill.

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Nemo parum diu Vixit, qui Virtutis perfectæ, perfecto functus eſt munere.

20. WIN-

20. WINTER: A Poem.

——— Horrida Cano
Bruma Gelu. *Virg.*

21. SUMMER: A Poem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Oſtendit ignem: jam Procyon furit,
Et ſtella veſani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ſicoos.
Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivúmque feſſus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis. *Hor.*

22. SPRING: A Poem.

Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus Annus. *Virg.*

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Let them Cenſure, what care I?
The Herd of *Criticks* I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song;
All that they approve is ſweet,
And all is Senſe that they repeat. Prior *from* Anacreon.

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